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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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The Guide of the Elect.

He called me from the rose-paths of the world,
And at His voice its glittering lights grew dim;
The fading garland from my brow I hurled,
And turned with outstretched arms to follow Him.

By dark and painful paths He leads my feet,—
Paths marked by foot prints weary, sad and sore,—
And daily lays on me, with kindness sweet,
A portion of the heavy cross He bore.

Invisible enemies occupy the field,
Whose swords seem pointed with infernal fires;
I shrink, I faint, and oft would basely yield,
But His mild glance my heart anew inspires.

One glance, how powerful! bringing to my mind
The gloomy garden scene, the lonely hour,
When bowed beneath the guilt of all mankind,
He met and overcame the tempter's power.

No sympathizing friend was there to tell
How many bitter tears for me He shed,
Or count the drops of bloody sweat that fell,
Or weigh the woe that bowed His innocent head!

While every worthless drop I shed is told
By angel fingers; and each feeble sigh
An incense dearer far to God than gold,
By angel censers is exhaled on high.

And many pilgrims walk this weary road,
With strong and patient hearts and upturned eyes,
With which already they behold their God,
Who bends to meet them from the opening skies.

M. R.

The Life after Death.

AS TREATED BY DANTE, ROSSETTI AND NEWMAN.

II.—ROSSETTI.

Chaucer, as I have said, formed the English as Dante had formed the Italian. He wove the various dialects, we may say, into one great tongue, and formulated the grand language which has uttered the thoughts of such men as

Spenser, Shakspere, Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith, Tennyson, Newman and Rossetti. Of the last two it is our purpose to speak. Rossetti forms a noble link between the Italian Dante and the English Newman; himself of Italian origin but an English writer, it seems a happy circumstance which chooses him as a bond between the two great minds which have treated the same sublime subjects as founded upon the same dogmatic belief. That Rossetti does not, in his immature treatment, follow in the footsteps of his immortal namesake, Dante, is apparent from the manner in which he handles the life after death in his "Blessed Damozel." He believes in a heaven; but it is not a Christian heaven; the life is not that of spirituality. We will speak more at length on his treatment after taking a casual glance at the man, and making a slight appreciation of his style and diction.

We can never judge the true worth of a writer by the amount of work he has done; and such may be applied to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He is one of those few whose significant place is not due to the amount of his writings, but to the quality, the beauty, the characteristic principles, and the originality of execution. He is wonderfully individual, having many fine features which, to a great extent, influence and attract young and eager spirits. He is a leader possessing a certain magnetism which gathers around him the young by its impetuosity and intense originality; he is a genius of the type in which creative labor is superior to production.

There is a link binding the artist and the poet which is beautifully exemplified in Rossetti; he found this clew or link in his thirsty search after beauty's underlying laws, and he has eminently proven to the world that the Muse has bestowed it upon him. A greater artist than a poet, he still lacks not the power to equalise

the two; to unite them either in the canvassed forms of nature, or mingled in the flow of poetic beauty.

Rossetti is the head of a certain school in both painting and poetry—the pre-Raphaelite. Of this school are Millais, Hunt, Morris, Swinburne and others. His paintings are realistic,—a term used to hide the mediocrity of artists whose forms are grotesque, formal, stiff and cold, a form without a soul. His poetry bears something of this coldness, of this soulless expression; still it has a certain redeeming quality which is, to a degree, ennobling. He paints his idea less true than he embodies it in words. He had a poet's finer qualities, a lover's keener sight; he found beauties through nature which were lost to the worldlings; and even in his odd, daring, weird pre-Raphaelite verse there is a certain exaltation and lyrical power. His poetry is, to a peculiar extent, prophetic; it possesses a quality which tells of greater achievements if fully exercised and his genius given full swing.

As a translator of Italian poetry, Rossetti is wonderfully clever. His "Early Italian Poets" (1861) is edited with a religious care foreign to all translators in any language. He elucidates the time and poetry with a fidelity and exquisite beauty not to be equalled by any. A true spirit of poetic keenness possesses him, and is transmitted to his work. He has a double nature, a poetic duality, which makes him a veritable enchanter, like him who used to sing the birds to sleep with lullabies of their own exquisite music. His verse is realistic, but imaginative; quaint in his adaptation of old phraseology and rhythmical accents. He is rich, over abundant in figures, bold in expression and daring in metaphors; he assumes liberties, which even the license of a poet will not warrant him to assume. He is flexible, more so than Tennyson; and possesses a beautiful quality by his addition of obsolete yet effective Saxon and Norman words, and by novel inversions and accentual endings.

Throughout his poetry Rossetti displays a precision of touch, a stern regard for detail, and a knowledge of color and sound that is truly wonderful. It is sometimes to this fault that he crowds metaphors upon metaphors, color upon color, intensity upon intensity until the beauty of the expression and the thought of the poem are lost in this light and by it obscured, leaving us blinded by the sudden blaze and ignorant of the thought intended.

His "Blessed Damozel" is the embodiment of all Rossetti's characteristics. The thought is too prominent to be entirely obscured by his startling figures and original liberties. It is full of

rich melody and illumination; we are bathed in rich, bold colors, unsuited to a paradise not harmonizing with the thought. His heaven, though inspired by Christian motives, is more like the Elysium of the Greeks than the heaven of Christianity. It is too sensuous, too earthly; it glows not with a holy light, the beauty and purity of which conceal the face of the Creator. He shows us only the outside of the mystic circle, and with it but one character in which there is nothing of the spiritual. In fact, she is a warm-blooded, passionate girl thrown bodily into paradise, or paradise brought down to earth. Nothing but the extreme beauty of technicality and great originality could win us to admire her or the poem. The extreme un-Christian idea of Rossetti is brought out in the sober fact that the maiden, even in heaven, is so earthly, so real, so living, that her terrestrial love and yearning are more by far to her than all the joys, the glories of paradise. She looks not into the beautiful, mystical world in which she is supposed to be, but turns earthward, looking far down into space, with her eyes on the earth and her thoughts far from God. There is no spirituality in her; she is a worldling; one whose place is not in heaven. She sees the souls go by her in thin white flames, but knows it not. She is longing for that earthly god, her lover, the idol of her sensuous nature. She is not happy where happiness is supreme; she shows nothing of that ecstasy which belongs to the elect. She wishes the man who has her heart to come, then she will present him to God. She even shows that pouty disposition which we see so much in young children. She wants her lover; he does not come, and she weeps over it. Poor child! We wonder whether the pearly drops went flying through space and finally fell in showers upon the form of her lover? They must have, for Rossetti says: "I heard her tears." No! beautiful as is the poem, wonderful as are the metaphors which overload it, it is not Christian; in fact, it is no heaven at all; it is more like a fairy tale where a maiden is confined in a high tower and weeps for her lover. She leans over the window until

"—her bosom must have made
The bars she leaned on warm."

We cannot help admiring the poem; but the life after death, as depicted by Rossetti, is not that which we long for; it is not that for which we strive; it is not for that heaven that Christ died upon the cross that we may enter. Rossetti alone made it for his "Blessed Damozel," and she alone inhabits it; for there is no spiritual God there; her god is her human love. Is Ros-

setti to be depreciated? No; he is too true a poet in his execution that we should undervalue him because of his philosophy or theology. He will live in his works, a model of artistic finish and a master of color. He possesses those qualities that endure; and, as a noble object of poetic veneration, he deserves all the admiration we can bestow upon him. Our Anglo-Italian lacks the knowledge and sublimity of Dante, but he possesses in an eminent degree the *technique* and color of Tennyson.

III.

Turning from the material paradise of Rossetti, we meet, as a contemporary of the English-Italian, a character which shines forth above the greatest lights of modern English history and literature—

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Of him the world knows all: as a man, a religious, a writer and a leader. Fewer men have so worked their way into the hearts of their countrymen and won the esteem of their enemies as he has done. A noble character he is to end the glories of the nineteenth century. No greater, no more sincere, no more earnest man has given to the world greater truth in the purest poetical diction than he.

Of Newman as a man we need only say: he was "a gentleman; a living truth of God's noblemen!" As a religious, his career was checkered, somewhat similar to Dante; only the latter was mixed up in political struggles, while Newman was a centre spirit in a religious revolution—the Tractarian Movement. He was true to himself. Circumstances never moulded him. He took not what life gave him; he dug into the fundamental truths of everything, brought to light the heart, and what to his superior reasonings was good he accepted; what was bad he cast aside. Once convinced of the truth of the Catholic Church, he embraced it; but not without struggling deeply with himself. He fought and argued, debated and reasoned; and not until he came to that point where retreat was to make him a lie did he give up, and with happiness joined the Church to which he devoted all his energies, all his labors, all his genius.

As a writer of English, Newman has no equal; he stands at the head of all from Father Chaucer to the present day. A French critic has said that the "style is the man." This is certainly true of the best style; but not of inferior ones. In them the purpose is expressed, while the man is concealed. With Newman we may truly say: he expressed the purpose while revealing the man.

In his writings, Newman possesses a wonderful

equilibrium; he is truthful, never exaggerating nor deteriorating from the bold fact; he strives after the clear and tender, avoiding with severest carefulness the hard, harsh and violent. He possesses not that overwhelming color which throws into prominence the works of Rossetti; neither does he write with those easy figures which add so beautifully to Dante.

Newman's is a style the opposite to color; it is white—sometimes painfully so. It is a bright, "white light," a calcium light. Luridness is foreign to him; he knows it not; somewhat brilliant; never prosaic; never striking or startling; barren of wit; clear as a fountain or an atmosphere free from mistiness; "lucid as a star;" passionate, often ironical; simple and pure. These are the qualities which so eminently distinguish him from the host that with him form the Victorian age of English literature. His descriptions are masterpieces, full of flashes like shooting stars; now meteoric in their bursts of brilliancy; now soft and luminous like nebulous light; now delicately vivid, then again clear and sharply cut; in short, wonderful in their construction. To sum up in a few words the characteristics of his style: "It is a style full of wistful sweetness—the sweetness of religious humility and ardor, which so yearns to move the heart, and never fails to touch one with a perceptible thrill."

Of Newman's poetry, so much cannot be said in favor of his execution as is due to his prose. His early poems are not harmonious, being fraught with discords which roughly jingle on a sensitive poetic ear; the metre is halted, the rhymes irregular; but of his later productions this cannot be said; they possess a *technique*, though not superior to Rossetti, or equal to Tennyson, still inferior to them only.

Our true purpose is to glance at the theological treatment of that grand production of genius, "The Dream of Gerontius." As we have said, his poetical execution is not as perfect as is his prose; still the imperfections of his verse detract nothing from the beauty and truth of his thought.

"The Dream of Gerontius" is similar to the "Commedia" in its substance, both having their fundamental principles resting upon Catholic Dogma; also we have not the allegorical meaning in "Gerontius" which is so admirably interwoven throughout the "Commedia."

The mode of expressing the same truths is vastly different: in Newman every thought is prominent, pictured in clear, terse, simple language; in Dante it is hid beneath a rich, tropical foliage of poetical figures, or is expounded in terms too mystical or profound to admit of an

immediate interpretation. Dante is sublime even in his obscurity; Newman often reaches the sublime through his clearness. Many of the superficial touches of Dante's treatment are absent in Newman, which tends to make him less involved and more concise.

It is true, we can hardly draw a parallel between these two, for they are so extremely different, so mutually unlike; but, treating the same subject, it is not amiss to see where one gains supremacy over the other, or where one falls short in his treatment as compared to his brother poet.

The "Dream of Gerontius" is the clear narration of a soul which has filled its mission upon earth, and, at the call of its Creator, hastens from the body to the throne of the Eternal, while its tenement of clay is still warm with the pulsations which gave it life. In this narration, or history, we have explained the doctrines of the Church in respect to fear, purgatory and heaven; and what is the heaven of Newman? Is it that other Jerusalem where the streets are paved with gold and the gates inlaid with stones too precious to be found on earth; or is it a heaven where God is a secondary Being; and a man, the object of our terrestrial love, the principal thought? Is it a place where everything blazes so terribly that to see is to live in everlasting darkness; or is it where everything is more like a handsome home of one of our present millionaires? No, it is none of these; but a heaven purely philosophical and theological; a heaven where all peace is sweetness; where the scintillations of the stars are the workings of an Almighty love; where no sorrow dwells, for all is joy in being able to adore God and love Him—to enjoy the Beatific Vision.

The poem rolls on from where the soul still lingers in this form of clay; where it hears the prayers of those around, the throbbing of the pulse and the weakened pulsations of the heart. And now it rallies; the body still fights for life, and the soul—Gerontius—passes into a sleep from which it wakes on its journey to its God, guided by angelic hands; no longer terrified, but with a sweet sense of secureness which is only heightened by intense love for and confidence in God. He formerly had

"This strange innermost abandonment,
This implying out of each constituent
And natural force by which I came to be."

Now this is passed. He felt, ere the body let loose its hold upon the soul, that he was falling into an abyss, and felt a terror seize him; but he calls upon his soul:

"Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man."

Note here the pureness of Newman's language the clearness of his expression; and thus it is throughout the poem.

The soul of Gerontius prays on until he cries out in agony:

"I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain;
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man!"

He falls into a sweet slumber and awakes to softly feel that

"I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself
And ne'er had been before."

It is thus the soul leaves the body, and in the grasp of its guardian angel speeds on its flight to the throne of its Creator. In the course of its onward way, the soul addresses the angel, and asks why such a lapse of time has taken place since he had left the body, and had not yet reached the tribunal of heavenly justice. In the angel's answer, time, as considered by men and angels, is treated most beautifully. The angel declares:

"Scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body."

Thus in conversation does the soul speed its way; and Newman has in sensible words, throughout this spiritual conversation, treated many mysteries of the Catholic dogma. Then the soul says:

"In life
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It was ever my solace to believe
That ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me."

To which the angel replies:

"Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;
Yes, for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord."

The description of God by the angel is truly beautiful; it is sublime! No passage of Dante can equal it; but it requires study, deep, comprehensive study. Too long to be quoted here, it is too purely divine to pass without a tribute being paid it. There is but one other passage in the whole poem that surpasses it.

The soul of Gerontius, in the care of the angel, passes through the circles of the angelical choirs, passes up the stairs to the judgment seat where God is veiled by infinite beauty from the eyes of the elect. The soul, eager and confident, flies from the angel's grasp to the throne of God. Here occurs the most sublime passage in the whole poem. The angel says:

"Praise to His name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God."

This passage, I think, is exquisite, especially the last line. Such a line would inscribe the name of its writer on the tablets of literature.

Now the soul, receiving its sentence, passes into purgatory where it retains, as a joy and eternal happiness, the impression of the Beatific Vision. Thus ends "The Dream of Gerontius," the greatest religious poem since the "Commedia." Of the style, I think the diction of Newman is most admirably suited to the subject. One would naturally feel that the subject of death, of spirituality, should be treated with as little blaze and color as possible; and to obtain this result Newman's style is most truly appropriate. We feel that the heaven of Gerontius is Christian; that it is an abode of peace, of eternal love; and were it not that Newman was here and there weak, we could verily say it is a sublime treatment of an eternal subject.

IV.

In conclusion, which heaven is the most true? that is, which one appeals to us most forcibly? We would not hesitate to say Newman's; though founded on the very same belief, Dante and Newman have created different paradises. In Dante we are worried with the obscurity, bothered with the allegorical, and tired with the heaviness. In Rossetti we forget the thought to admire the figures; and when finding the meaning intended we are struck with its emptiness. In Newman all is different: heaven is clear; for there is no superabundance of figures to hide it; no Johnsonian words to clog its meaning; no allegorical meanings to tangle us; yet, on second thought, there are many who prefer Dante to Newman, as characterized in the "Commedia" and "Gerontius." Dante attracts many by the same qualities that he wearis others. To the former, the allegorical is most pleasing, while they do not pause to separate the allegorical from the literal. It requires a diversity of knowledge to understand Dante, while with Newman his philosophical manner is more easily understood by comprehensive students. Newman is not liked by many for his philosophical style; they seem to be lost, to be floundering around to find some rock

on which to get a footing; they are at sea. Why this should be so is easily understood. The vast majority are attracted by color, by the flashes of metaphors and sparklings of similes. They prefer the story-telling, descriptive manner in preference to the dry truth of philosophical allusions; they fly to Rossetti because of his startling metaphors; they love the "Blessed Damozel" because she is so exquisitely human with nothing the least spiritual; they care nothing for Newman because he has all that spirituality with little of the human; because he is not prominent with metaphors; because his language is for the deep and not for the partially educated.

In this rather lengthy paper we have endeavored to but look at the true thought, the first principles which inspired the masterpieces of these great and noble poets. To treat them and theirs at length would not only weary us, but necessitate a volume of dry philosophical dissertation, which only tend to lessen without exalting the opinions of the greater number of superficial readers. No writer can by any arguments bias the opinions of minds of sterling merit. Those great mysteries must be studied by the reader; must be reasoned out from the immortal words of the poets; must come as rays from the burning words of sublimity, and light up their hearts that within they can read the true thought, the pure inspiration of the master himself.

J. ELMO BERRY, '91.

Bride of Lammermoor.

Although this work does not represent Sir Walter Scott at his best, yet this fact detracts little from the merits of the novel. Most, if not all, of Scott's novels are historic; this one can hardly be called an exception; for, although it marks no very important historical event, yet the notes that furnished the theme were taken from "Law's Memorials," by an intimate friend of the author. There is, of course, more or less invention in the novel; but what fiction it does contain only adds a flavor without which it might perhaps be void of amusement for a certain class of readers.

The story begins by describing the condition of the Ravenswood family, which sprang from a long line of sturdy warriors who through the prowess of their arms had become rich; but at the time in question the estates had become entangled in mortgages and other claims by the extravagance of the late Lord of Ravenswood, until the bulk of his great estate passed

into the hands of Sir William Ashton. This blow proved fatal to the Lord of Ravenswood, and he survived the misfortune only a short time, leaving the remnants of his ruined fortune to his only son, known as the Master of Ravenswood. This young man was undoubtedly a most noble character, being the very soul of honor, and brave as a lion; though his passions, as is often the case, brought him to a comparatively early grave. Sir William Ashton was a famous lawyer of that period, and married into the noble and haughty family of the Douglasses, although he himself had obtained his title and nobility rather by his services to the state than by birth. He had three children. The eldest, a colonel in the army, the next, a beautiful daughter, Lucy, and the heroine of the tale, the third child was a stripling of a boy.

It was natural enough for young Ravenswood, considering those early times, to cherish a violent hatred for the man who compelled him by law to leave the home his forefathers had won by their valor, and especially by a man who, according to the master's ideas, had obtained possession of the old homestead by fraud and wealth combined. Sir William was aware of this ill-will; and it was proved to him one day, while walking with his daughter, that he had a very honorable as well as a dangerous enemy in the young master. They happened to be passing through a field where there were some wild cattle grazing, when one of the animals suddenly rushed at them, and there being no means of escape, Sir William stood in front of his daughter with a pale face, shut his eyes and waited for what seemed imminent death; but when the furious beast had come to within a few feet of them a sharp crack sounded from a thicket, and the instrument of destruction dropped dead in its tracks. A young man quickly emerged from the place whence the sound had come, and Sir William, giving his daughter, who had fainted, into the charge of the stranger, hurried off for help. The young man tenderly picked her up, and carried her to the traditional well where she was soon restored to consciousness by the cool water. Sir William returned with friends, and upon inquiring to whom it was he should offer his thanks for their deliverance, the young man bowed coolly, announced himself as the Master of Ravenswood, and disappeared whence he had come. It was at this well that the master first saw Lucy Ashton, and here it was that he afterwards acknowledged his love to her, and cut one of his few gold pieces in halves, each taking a part of it as a sign of their troth.

After their first meeting in this strange manner, Sir William became alarmed at seeing a Ravenswood armed and in his grounds, and thought it advisable to try to pacify the young man, if such a thing were possible. He accordingly arranged things in such a manner that young Ravenswood was compelled, as a gentleman, to allow Sir William and his daughter to partake of his hospitality. Having gained this much, the old diplomat, as if by chance, showed certain papers to his host, and not without good results; for it brought the young man to take a more just view of affairs. Everything then took a different turn, and the Master of Ravenswood, who had sworn an oath of vengeance against Sir William, took up his abode for a short time in the castle that had sheltered his ancestors for generations back, but which was now the home of the Ashtons. This gave the the young hero and Lucy Ashton an excellent opportunity to carry on their love-making uninterrupted; for Sir William would have been much pleased to see the noble family of the Ravenswoods allied with his own by this marriage; but there was a barrier between the two lovers in the shape of the master's poverty.

About this time a young nobleman, named Bucklaw, who owed a great debt of gratitude to Ravenswood, was induced to believe by his crafty plebeian friend, Captain Craigengret, that he ought to wed Lucy Ashton. They both realized that the only way this could be accomplished was to ally themselves with the proud and haughty Lady Ashton; so they sent a messenger to her informing her of all that had transpired at the castle. This scheme had the desired effect; for Lady Ashton came home in a rage, and ordered young Ravenswood from the premises. A short time after this the friends of the young hero came into power, and he recovered many of his lost estates; but was sent to France on state business which detained him for quite a length of time. In the meantime young Bucklaw, who had inherited an extensive estate by the death of his aunt, proceeded to work himself into the favor of the Ashtons, until arrangements were finally consummated among them that Bucklaw should have the hand of Lucy Ashton in marriage. The latter was of a very mild temperament and consented, though much against her will, to do the bidding of her mother, who did not seem to realize the fact that happiness could not be purchased with gold.

Time rolled on; and at last, when they were all assembled in the large drawing-room, preparatory to drawing up the final agreements,

the Master of Ravenswood rushed in, travel-stained, and showing the traces of a late illness. He demanded an explanation; but did not find out the true state of affairs, which ended in his renouncing Lucy Ashton forever, and also the acceptance of challenges offered him by Col. Ashton and Bucklaw for thus rushing in upon them. Lucy Ashton lost her mind, and died shortly after her marriage to Bucklaw. Bucklaw was stabbed in the bridal chamber, the night of his marriage, but recovered and left the country, never explaining what happened. The Master of Ravenswood, while on his way to meet Col. Ashton in mortal combat, the day after Lucy's funeral, rode his horse into the quicksands and perished.

G. MEEHAN, '93.

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Inspiration.

An organ thrilling in cathedral glooms,
A song chance-heard, a robin's roundelay,
A kiss, a clasp of hands, a sprig of spray,
A sudden waft of meadow-land perfumes,
An old name graven in a place of tombs,
In winter-land a flower of spring astray,
A face remembered after many a day,
A bridal bell, a funeral with plumes:

Trifles, you say? But in the poet's heart
They set strange rhymes a-ringing, till, behold!
Well-hewn beneath the master's cunning hand,
Touch unto touch and perfect part to part,
Finer than Phidian stone or statued gold,
His gradual-shapen dreams of beauty stand!

—P. F. Coleman in "Catholic World."

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About Names.

"I am anxious to express my gratitude to the writer of the review of 'The Life Around Us' in a recent number of your paper. My gratitude is for the clever way in which he has hit off the real faults of that collection of stories. I suppose I should be grateful for his praise, but I am not—he has had his pay in whatever pleasure the stories gave him. But no author, who believes in *excelsius* as a motto, can be grateful enough for impartial, critical *attention*; that is a great compliment. Mere fault-finding discourages one. Of what use is it to say to a writer: 'You are a beech, why don't you try to be an oak?' or to put into print a lot of smart phrases which only cripple the writer's power to use the good there is in him? In this case your reviewer has hit some of my faults; my business is to amend them. But let me say a word in favor of my 'disconcerting collection of commonplace names.' The objection of your critic has been made by word of mouth before. Most of my names are Celtic, Gaelic, Irish, if you will, though I do not admit that a Celtic name is always an Irish name. Why is it that a so-called Irish name is held to be 'commonplace' or unmusical. Our names, as your reviewer suggests, are, after all, what

we make them. And custom has made us, of Celtic blood, believe that Beresford, or Netterville or Fitzgerald, is a less commonplace name than Dolan, or O'Brien or Dooly; and that De Vere is much sweeter than Dever! Why? Because the Norman names are the names of the people in power and the Celtic names those of the people without power or *prestige*. 'Ellesmere' is not commonplace, is it? But McGinnis and Gallagher are, according to our ears, accustomed to following English sounds with pleasure, and Celtic with distaste. 'Taafe' is a commonplace name here, but a very distinguished one in Austria,—the De McCarthys of the reviewer's acquaintance much less commonplace in name than the plain McCarthys; in the minds of most people this is so.

"I may name a heroine Helen de Burgo and not be commonplace; but if I name her Ellen Burke, I am hopelessly so. But I never knew a Helen de Burgo, and I do know an Ellen Burke, and a very charming girl she is, too! I don't know how a Helen de Burgo would act on any given occasion, but I know,—or, at least, I think I do,—how Ellen Burke would! Am I to name all my people, who are taken from real life, with names that embarrass me with their riches?

"Again, I know some friends of mine who would laugh if I called my most delightful heroine (I am always in love with my heroine,—and I was especially fond of Nellie Mulligan before she married Miles Galligan), Bridget Gallagher. If I changed the name and called her Blanche Gallagher or Bride Gallagher, they would laugh still. Why? (Shall I tell the truth?) Because they have always been in the habit of associating Celtic names with servitude; and Gallagher to them always suggests a railroad laborer or a girl in the kitchen, and therefore the names are commonplace. And, when somebody named Gallagher, or Sullivan, or Egan tries to escape this atmosphere by becoming Blanche, or Bianca, or Francesca, there is another laugh! This seems to me to be very foolish and a trifle vulgar. Why should we, of Celtic blood, be tied down to English names? For myself—*moi qui vous parle*—I dislike English names. I am not specially grateful for having been named Egan; I should have preferred the original form, MacGeoghegan, but some of my family object to changing it now. But I am grateful that a tender Providence prevented me from being called John, or William, or James, or any other English form. You can't anglicize 'Maurice,' thank heaven. I should have perhaps preferred Dermot, or Brian, or Donnet as more congruous with the Celtic Egan; but Charles, or Jacob, or George, would have been intolerable. But I have said too much, no doubt, and yet not enough to convince your reviewer that he ought to leave me my 'commonplace' names. If he can show cause why I should not do so, I will refrain from calling my next hero—and he is going to be a wonder!—Neil McGettigan." —Maurice F. Egan in "Catholic Review."

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains: choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Very Rev. Father General continues to improve, although but slowly. Still we have every reason to hope that the persevering prayers of his numerous friends and spiritual children will meet with a speedy response in his complete restoration to health.

—At the meeting of the Faculty, held on Wednesday last, it was decided to inaugurate a "new departure" in the manner of deciding upon whom to bestow "First Honors" at the end of the year. Heretofore these awards have been made on account of deportment alone, and in this respect the old method will be followed in Carroll and St. Edward's Halls. To the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls a stricter rule will be made to apply, or rather the prize awarded will represent a degree of excellence in a wider sphere of action, inasmuch as progress and application in studies will be taken into consideration as well as general deportment. An average of 90 per cent. for the whole year will be required to secure a First Honor. This percentage will be determined for classes by the monthly competitions and by the Christmas and June examinations—for deportment by the weekly reports as given in the "Rolls of Honor."

—We have been permitted to read a letter recently received by a member of the Faculty from an esteemed and learned friend in Illinois,

who speaks of a phase of the Public-School system that presents matter for instruction to all classes. One of the proudest boasts of the defenders of our system of public instruction is that it is non-sectarian in character. And yet what a remarkable inconsistency is displayed in its practical workings! The following extract presents an instance of this:

"Last year the school directors had consented to excuse our children from Protestant devotional exercises at the beginning of each daily school session. This was done against the grain of the head school-teacher and several of the city ministers. He wrote to the State authorities as to the rights and privileges of teachers in regard to prayers in the school-room. On the strength of the answer he got he made the directors believe that it was against the law for them to excuse Catholic children from the prayers at school, and so the permission was recalled. Our children had to be there. When they tried to leave the room they were compelled to stay in. When they wanted to go home they were baffled in their attempt. Catholics then sent in a petition renewing their request in the name of that liberty of conscience which is guaranteed by the Constitution of the State of Illinois. The petition was sent to Springfield to the State authorities, and the answer came 'that no power on earth can compel anyone to attend any religious service against the dictate of his conscience.' When our petition was presented to the board one of the directors made a motion to dispense our children as they were last year until such time as they would hear from Springfield. The motion was met by another to adjourn until next Tuesday. In the meantime, as a protest against the violence used towards our children, and my determination to make a good fight, I told my people from the pulpit to desist sending their children to such a school until such time as they would obtain the assurance that the religious liberty of their children would not be interfered with; that in the meanwhile I would myself hear the recitation of their children—which I did for two days, and which it would delight me to continue to do if I had nothing else to do. Last Tuesday the directors re-established last year's order, and now everything is as quiet as ever with the exception of the looks of awe and astonishment I am met with when going through the streets or over our country roads. As I had signified my determination to bring on a law-suit, directors and teachers became very much alarmed, inasmuch as they could not ascertain as to whether they would be individually responsible, or the responsibility would lie on the 'destrict.'"

Youth's Vision.

Every boy of an ardent temperament and a lively imagination is set ablaze at an early period with gorgeous dreams and brilliant hopes of his future. These great questions—what will I become when I grow up to be a man? how shall I outstrip all others, and command their admiration, and secure lasting renown? are ever to have a foremost place in the youth's fancy.

The broad field of life laid open to him makes the choice of his vocation exceedingly perplexing; while the amount at stake requires and challenges his best efforts to determine with precision. We all know that we are better adapted for one station in life than for another; but to ascertain what that one is is no easy

matter. The world, with its twofold appearance, is very ready to deceive us, and will undoubtedly do so unless we fully understand its ways. It presents to the youth's eye an outward apparel so plausible and alluring that it entrances him, and leaves him ignorant of its intrinsic nature. He knows little of its actual doings, and therefore can no more estimate its real merit than a person can that of a book when he has scrutinized only its gilt edges and neat binding.

As we have said, the youth's aspirations naturally fill his soul with a desire to win laurels, and he hopefully looks forward to the time when he shall reach that station in which fame is most abundantly attained. Consequently the soldier's calling is apt to receive his earliest attention; for the soldier, by his heroism, acquires in a short time the assurance of an undying memory. The next field wherein the youth sees laurels blooming is held by lawyers and statesmen. Everything there is just pat to his wishes—the gay and fashionable world is there centred, and learning and eloquence, virtues so much admired, are there fostered. Furthermore, the occupants of this field take a prominent part in the conduct of worldly affairs, and thereby rise conspicuous to the eyes of men and have placed within their grasp the attainment of immortal glory.

Each position in life has more or less allurement accompanying it; but all inducements, however tempting, must be made to give way to his judgment, and leave it free to select from among the many offers the one most suitable to him. It would be impolitic for a youth to choose more than one profession, for no person can become proficient in many of them. "It is far better to be master of one trade than a jack of all."

Man is a defective creature, and is prone to many vices. Perversity, which springs from his own pride, is not to be classed among the least of his blemishes; but, on the contrary, it ranks among the prime blurs of his nature, and is the one constantly generating the utmost discord between him and his fellowman. If everyone would, when he sees his error, relinquish it and be helmed by reason, should it not redress many of the grievances that afflict humanity? Right, or justice, never creates disturbances. On the contrary, it soothes outraged nature and reconciles man to man.

What the youth lacks above all things is forethought. He seldom ever deliberates on the propriety of his actions, and is therefore as liable to do wrong as right. He is guided more

by instinct than by reason; allured rather by appearances than by realities. He would fain hold stations in life as they award distinction, never questioning his own competency to do so. He forgets the truth that every rose has its thorn, every calling its trials and difficulties to meet. He lacks also firmness, energy, and perseverance, and is therefore unarmed and discomfited by obstacles he might well surmount. If once prostrated he loses hope and courage, and is too much intimidated to rally and try again.

The young man who is to begin life's journey without knowing at what he will earn his bread is surely in a peculiar plight. However, his condition is not so perplexing if he be decisive, knows his own abilities and is aware of his own inclinations. His vocation is then distinctly pointed out to him, and his success and happiness are secure.

These, then, are the qualities a man must possess to enable him to surmount all obstacles: the *ability* and the *will*; no difficulties, however formidable, can cope with their joint efforts.

M.

Summer Sketches.

II.

OLD ALBION.

LIVERPOOL, July 7.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

The "log-book" is no more! It came to an abrupt termination as we drew near to Queenstown; that is to say, you received the tail-end and all in my last communication. Now that we are on *terra firma*, and in a big city, such things as "log-books," you know, cannot be thought of; and I suppose you're not sorry. Well, let me try and resume the narrative.

We arrived off Queenstown at one o'clock Sunday morning and anchored in the Cove. It was raining pitchforks and blowing like Sam Hill. The "tender" made its way out to us, and took off those bound for the Emerald Isle, with baggage, mail, etc., etc. A crowd of newsboys swarmed up on our decks with the latest (!) papers from Dublin, London and other localities. They made a brisk and ready sale; for, despite the storm, many were up and out to bid goodbye to newly-formed friends, and try to catch a glimpse of the shores of "ould Ireland"; but as for seeing the Irish coast, there was naught but bitter disappointment. At last the "tender" drew off amid cheers from us and returning cheers from our departing friends. Our ship

weighed anchor, and we *awayed* to our couches —wet and mad.

All day Sunday we steamed slowly up the Irish Channel through fog and rain; no land in view until late in the afternoon as we drew near the "bar," of which I spoke to you in my last, about sixteen miles out in the harbor of Liverpool. Then we anchored and awaited the arrival of three "tenders": one for the cabin passengers, another for the steerage and the third for the baggage. The steamboats—as we New Yorkers would call them—soon came alongside, and we were all duly transferred and started for Liverpool. Notwithstanding the rain, we could see that the harbor presents a very beautiful appearance; the villas and burgs along the great semicircle which it forms, together with the sandy beaches to be seen at intervals, give one an idea that the suburbs of Liverpool must be lovely. Of course the magnificent Liverpool docks, of which we caught a glimpse, are famous the world over, and need not be referred to in my epistle.

It took nearly four hours to make those sixteen miles, and about eight o'clock we drew up alongside the stone wall, or as we say, the dock. We were then directed up an inclined plane, forming the stairway of a very large building, and leading into a very spacious room where a reception (!) was to be given in our honor by the Custom's officers. We were not altogether unprepared for this attention, so that on entering the room all ceremony was laid aside, each one made himself at home, and—looked after his baggage. The centre of attraction was an opening on one side of the room at the head of a gangway, up which might be seen rolling trunks, boxes, etc., etc. Thither I directed my steps as I was somewhat interested in the proceedings; in fact, I expected to see my trunk come rolling up. But as I went along a gentleman in a red coat, brass buttons, blue-striped pants, military cap—no doubt one of the ushers—observed: "You cawn't go any further, sir!" I was a little disconcerted, and began to think this reception was no great shakes, and the sooner I got out, the better. But of course that trunk was not to be left, and so I was bound to "go further." To make a long story short, I made my way through the crowd, grabbed the trunk as it came rolling up, lugged it off to the Inspector, had it examined and passed, and carted off to the London & Northwestern Railway station. I did not wait for the end of the "reception," but, with my companion M., drove off to the station. It was a dark, wet night, and we could not take observations of the city. Our train did not leave

until eleven, and in the meantime I forwarded a communication to you.

It is an old story to speak of the little cars that make up the European trains. One accustomed to the large trains at home, especially in these days of massive, mogul locomotives and vestibuled cars, cannot fail to be struck by the little "cabs" he sees over here, though the latter are very comfortable — when they are not full. Another thing we observed was that in the matter of advertising, much American enterprise was displayed. Around the walls of the interior of the depot were hung flaring posters proclaiming the various attractions of the many papers—good, bad and indifferent—published in the city. It was somewhat startling to see the contents of our old friend the *Liverpool Times* thus conspicuously posted in the midst of sensational and other notices.

Well, M. and myself secured our second-class tickets, or, rather, "booked" for London. We took "second-class," not merely because somebody has said somewhere that "none but fools and Americans travel first-class in Europe," but because it was just as comfortable and—cheaper. We were shown to our cab or coach, of which we found ourselves the only occupants, a fact upon which we congratulated ourselves; but, as events proved, somewhat prematurely. M. wanted a smoke, and asked the "guard" if there was a smoking car on the train. "We have no smoking car on this train; but stay where you are gentlemen, and smoke away. It will be all right." We thanked him for his kindness and lit our cigars. Presently a little dapper Englishman came bouncing into the compartment, threw his "traps" into the receptacle overhead and exclaimed: "I cawn't stand it, I shawn't stand it! This is not a smoking car!" and with that he hopped out and danced up and down the platform. We followed him out to pacify him, and finish our smoke outside. The guard again appeared upon the scene and said: "Gentlemen! gentlemen! what can be the matter?" The little chap said he had bought his ticket and had a right to comfortable transportation; he was not going to ride in a smoking car, etc. The guard told him to return to his place, and said to us: "Gentlemen, I will make you all right after we get to the next station;" adding, significantly: "He's a crank." At the next stop the train made, he invited us into his own section, where we enjoyed our smoke, and had a pleasant chat as we were whirled on towards London.

Of course, it was not until the "gray dawn was breaking" that we were enabled to see anything

of the country through which we were passing. But as the gradually increasing light in the eastern horizon heralded the approach of day it revealed to us in swift succession beautiful hills and charming groves encircling old, quaint houses that betokened a land that had known its people for centuries, and carried the mind back to historic times, causing one to realize that he was indeed in "Old Albion."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Books and Periodicals.

PICTORIAL PRAYER-BOOK, With Hymns. Specially Prepared for the Scholars of Catholic Schools. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a very neat little manual of devotion especially suitable for children. The various prayers are printed in large, clear type, and the different parts of the Mass accompanied with illustrations calculated to fix the attention and excite the piety of the young reader. It also contains many beautiful hymns such as are usually sung at the Masses for children on Sundays.

HARPERS' CATALOGUE: Harper & Brothers: New York. 1891.

This is, without doubt, one of the most perfect catalogues that has ever reached us. It is prefaced by a "Visitor's Guide" to the mammoth establishment of the Harpers in Gotham. The catalogue proper is a list of all the recent publications of that celebrated house, and its size and the diversity of the subjects treated (as shown by their titles) irresistibly recall Bacon's famous apothegm: "Of making many books there is no end." Works on History, Political Economy, and the Sciences; books of Travel, Fiction and Poetry are to be found in abundance, and the bibliophile will be hard to please if he cannot make satisfactory choice out of the books named in this list. He may also rest assured that if the cost of good reading, as shown here, may seem greater than elsewhere, it is principally because of the finer quality of the Harpers' work. The make-up of the catalogue is handsome and the typography excellent.

THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT MAGAZINE: Same Publishers.

An interesting bit of history is that told in a pamphlet entitled "The Making of a Great Magazine." The publications of the Harpers are as well known throughout the English-speaking world as were the orations of Cicero in Rome during the Augustan Age. No periodical has done more for popular education, and none has contributed more to the advancement of art and literature than the magazine whose history is here set forth. Founded in 1850, when Irving and Cooper and Poe had already delivered their messages to the people, there have been few, if any, of the great literary lights

that succeeded them, who have not lent interest to its pages. The record of its early growth is like that of any other great adventure which had to make its own way. There were many disappointments and some disasters; but the spirit of its founders lived on even after their death, and the work was never abandoned. The result is a magazine which, from an artistic point of view, is practically perfect. It satisfies the "desire of knowing" which has, fortunately, taken such strong hold upon the people. It has shown the usefulness, or rather the necessity, of illustrations as an aid to the written text, and in the variety of subjects treated it has, in a manner, the character of a cyclopædia. When a new country begins to hold interest for its patrons *Harpers' Magazine* sends out forthwith the author and the artist, and pen and pencil are made to choose and present the interesting features in the most attractive and instructive manner. It is enterprise like this, and not the vulgar "toadying" to great names which marks many of our magazines, that has made *Harpers'* so deservedly popular. However widely we may differ with *Harpers* on certain subjects, we cannot ignore the intelligent enterprise which has made the magazine what it is. The pamphlet which tells its story is itself attractive reading, and abounds in choice illustrations.

—*Donahue's Magazine* for October presents its readers with articles on the following subjects: "Columbus and the First Church" (with portrait); "Historical Argument for the Papacy"; "Eminent Confederate Generals"; "Total Abstinence Convention"; "Archbishop Ryan's Eulogy on the Late Archbishop Hughes"; "Father Damien's Memorial Cross"; "Statistics Relating to the Church in the United States"; "The Earl of Aberdeen on Home Rule and the Catholic Clergy"; "The Disagreeable Truth about Politics"; Sermon of Bishop McQuaid at the laying of the corner-stone in Salem; together with numerous other articles of interest and instruction.

—In the September *Wide Awake* there is good history, biography and travel (see "The Prince Imperial" and "Stanley's Bananas"), outdoor sport and indoor ethics (see "Two Fishermen," "The Margaret-Patty Letters" and "All Because a Bluebird Sang"), curious natural history (see "How I Tended Silk-worms," "An Odd Set," and "Two Acquaintances of Mine"), fanciful tale and the higher sort of fairy story (see "Peterkin and Pollikin go to the Fair," and "A Tale of the Black Forest"), practical art lessons (see "Drawing the Child-Figure"), a masterly serial (see Margaret Sidney's "The Peppers Grown Up"), a fine array of short stories (see Mrs. Bates's "Red Lilies," Mrs. Sherwood's "Sovereign of '45," Clarissa Potter's "Aunt Betsey's Cap Box," etc.), pages of original anecdotes, and pictures and poems galore; among them Hassam's drawings of "Gossamer Girls," and Mrs. Mary E. Blake's "Masquerade" are especially delighting.

—Miss Alice M. Fletcher, of the United States Interior Department and the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, will contribute to *The Century* in 1892 the results of her studies of the American Indian in a series of illustrated papers. They will give an intimate account of how the Indian actually lives and thinks; his music, home life, warfare, hunting customs, etc., and it is the opinion of Professor Putnam of Harvard that they will undoubtedly be the most important papers that have ever been published on the subject, and that they will give an entirely different idea of the Indian from that now commonly prevailing. The series will be called "The Indian's Side."

—*Scribner's Magazine* for September contains the fifth and concluding article in the successful Steamship Series, entitled "The Steamship Lines of the World," by Lieutenant Ridgley Hunt, U. S. N., a son of the late Secretary of the Navy and Minister to Russia. (It is announced that the Steamship articles, like the Railroad and Electric series, will be issued in a handsome volume.) This number contains three articles on essentially American subjects —on "Old Homes," from the dug-out to the Adirondack cabin; on "China Hunting in New England," particularly along the Connecticut River valley, with an account of many rare American plates, which it was once the custom to make as souvenirs of important events; and (the third) on the "Present Ideals of American University Life," by Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, who pleads for the idealization of our colleges, rather than their further adaptation to practical ends. Other important articles in this issue are "Browning's Asolo," by Felix Moscheles, the artist and friend of Browning, a picturesque and personal account of the little Italian village where the poet's last volume, "Asolando," was written, with illustrations from the author's own water-color sketches; a description of "The City of Sacred Bo-Tree," by James Ricalton, a veteran traveller and photographer, whose account of this wonderful city in Ceylon is abundantly illustrated; Andrew Lang's "Adventures Among Books," a sort of literary autobiography; the second instalment of the serial story, "The Wrecker," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne; and short stories by Thomas Nelson Page and Charles G. D. Roberts.

Personal.

—Ivo Buddeke, M. D., '69, is one of the leading physicians of Memphis, Tenn.

—Wm. J. Murphy, '84, is the energetic and talented editor of the *Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn.

—Rev. P. Cushnahan, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Ogden, Utah, was a welcome visitor to the College on Monday.

—We are glad to announce that Mr. Charles P. Neil, of '87, is numbered with the Faculty of the University. Mr. Neil's bright career at Notre Dame has given evidence of his ability and talent, and he will prove an efficient addition to our esteemed professorial corps.

—Mr. S. J. Craft, '89, and Miss Mae Lucia Burke were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Waseca, Minn., on the 3d inst. The groom has many friends at Notre Dame, all of whom extend to him and his fair bride their congratulations and best wishes for many years of wedded happiness.

—Rev. F. Linnerborn, D. D., C. S. C., returned to Notre Dame on Tuesday last from Rome where he had spent the last three years in completing his theological course. He passed his final examination early last July, and received his degrees with honors. Dr. Linnerborn will have charge of the classes of Theology and Canon Law in the University.

—John J. Fitzgibbon, '62, is the genial and efficient President of the Calumet Bank at South Chicago, Ill. In the midst of the cares of mercantile life he still finds time to pursue the scientific studies, which formed part of his early training, and devote himself to researches in Biology and Philosophy. Withal, he retains his old-time love for *Alma Mater*, and the highest esteem and admiration for its venerable Founder.

—At St. Columbkille's school, conducted by the Brothers of the Holy Cross, there is quite a large attendance this year, the classes having been opened with 100 pupils more than at the commencement of the preceding school term. Nearly all the scholars who made their first Holy Communion last spring have returned to the school this year to pursue their studies. Special courses of rhetoric and commercial law have been added to the curriculum of branches taught in the graduating class. A thorough course of telegraphy, shorthand and typewriting will also be given.—*Catholic Home* (Chicago).

Local Items.

—A little warm—yes.

—And still they come.

—Have you seen the 196 pound Carroll?

—Everything counts for first honors this year.

—Classes are all started and in good working order

—The sprinkler does good service on these warm days.

—Many of the Sorins have their rooms quite prettily fitted up.

—What ails the Chimes? It a long time since we heard them last.

—Latest returns give: 96 Minims, 150 Carrolls, 140 Browns and 37 Sorins.

—Get up your muscle, boys! Field Day is on October 13, and it's time to go into training.

—Young Gerdes played an excellent game in right-field last Sunday. His coaching was a feature of the contest.

—A handsome medal will be given this Fall for the All-Round Athletic Championship. It's well worth working for.

—Soon the sound of "Hep! hep!" gently intoned by the commanding officer, will re-echo through these classic halls.

—"Joe" and "Sport" have returned from a very successful base-ball-playing vacation. Both report a very pleasant time.

—"The Tired Athletes" played a picked nine from Carroll Hall on the 17th. The "Old Settler" did magnificent work in the box.

—We have it from good authority that Bughie intends to enter for running hop-step-and-jump and for standing broad jump on Field Day.

—The genial "Waltah" has returned. He claims to have lost sixteen pounds. It is noticed, however, that when he goes in swimming the level of the lake rises two feet as usual.

—There are seventeen men in the graduating class. It is claimed that from them can be picked base-ball and football teams, also a boat crew that can beat anything in the University.

—The quantity of clothes and shoes that has been sold in the shop since the return of the students seems to indicate that, in the matter of garments, the local trade is preferred to "outside work."

—He was speaking about the Knights of Labor, and she said: "Are yours such—as it were? Are yours nights of labor?" He said naught in reply, but became at once a walking delegate.—*Joke by an Old Boy.*

—The students of the Manual Labor School celebrated Labor Day in an appropriate way. They enjoyed an extra holiday on the occasion, and although there were neither processions nor speech-makings, their enjoyment was not the less perfect.

—Rev. President Walsh addressed the students of Brownson Hall, Carroll Hall and Sorin Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. He spoke on the rules of the Institution, explaining their nature, and the advantages which they were calculated to secure.

—Some of the questions asked at Sorin Hall:

"Where is your room?"
"How do you like the Hall?"
"Going to get your room fitted up?"
"Big difference, isn't it?"

—The Carroll first nine have organized and are prepared to meet all comers. C. Fleming and W. O'Neill were elected captains of the first nine. Some youthful politicians attempted stuffing the ballot in the second nine elections so that deal was declared off.

—The students who have spent their vacation in the cultured East salute us with "How

do you do?" Those coming from the busy West say "How dy doo?" Those hailing from the mountains of Tennessee jerk out "Howdy?" and the denizens from the lands where Indians are the principal crop content themselves with "How?"

—The Leonine Society of Holy Cross Seminary was reorganized on the 10th inst. The balloting for offices resulted as follows: President, Rev. J. J. French, C.S.C.; Vice-President, R. Marciniak; Recording Secretary, J. S. Ready; Corresponding Secretary, H. N. Santer; First Censor, John Gallagher; Second Censor, T. A. Crumley; Critic, Joseph Gallagher; Historian, A. Kehoe; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. Lauth. The Leonines are very fortunate in the number of their members, and we have every reason to expect good things from them this year.

—From all indications, the societies this year will be unusually strong, not only in point of numbers, but also in material worth. The St. Cecilians' report, published elsewhere, gives evidence of their own standing; and the number of bright little Carrollites augurs well for the Philopatrians. The large number in the collegiate course, from the Senior down to the Sophomore years, indicates that the Thespians and Philodemics will maintain the high standard that has marked the past; while the Columbians, composed of the Freshmen students and Commercial men, will yield to none in point of excellence. We wish the various organizations success in all their efforts during the coming year, and will be pleased to give detailed reports of their proceedings. We look to the corresponding secretaries of each of them for full and prompt accounts of the meetings.

—The *Caxton Review*, a new publication of high literary worth, issued at Bruges, Belgium, contained in a recent number the following editorial reference to degrees conferred at our late annual commencement:

—The Catholic writer in Europe can, as a rule, look for little honor and less profit. They order these matters better in North America. Universities combine to honor the writers who have served the Church well. Ottawa has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Maurice Francis Egan, the Catholic novelist, and the same degrees have been bestowed by the University of Notre Dame on the Rev. P. Cronin and Mr. J. J. Roche, two able Catholic journalists. The same University has given, *honoris causa*, the degree of M. A. to the Rev. J. Conway, Editor of the *North-Western Chronicle* and author of a popular work, 'Rational Religion,' and on the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., a clever writer of prose and poetry."

—An interesting game of base-ball was played the other day on the M. L. S. grounds between the "Rattlers" of Mishawaka and the "Atlantics" of the Manual Labor School. The features of the game were Onzon's base-running and Santer's magnificent batting and pitching;

the latter breaking the record by striking out twenty-three men. The "World's Record being twenty-one strike-outs." The visitors would have been white-washed, but for a couple of wild throws. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
MISHAWAKA:—	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	3
M. L. S.:—	0	3	3	0	2	0	1	1	0

—NOTE.—We have prevailed upon "Sammy" to continue his "Sketches." In fact, we have had his MS. in our possession; but he returned since the publication of the first article, and—well, he is not pleased, to put it mildly. He threatened all kinds of things if we printed another line. It seems that somebody has questioned his veracity. Some old land-lubber said that if there had been any kind of a respectable storm Sammy would not have been on deck to see it, because passengers are not permitted to go *above* during such emergencies; they have to keep below, and other malevolent, contumelious epithets were applied that cannot be mentioned. Sammy was wroth. He said that any one could see from the "log-book" that *he* was the *only passenger* on deck during said storm; and as to the manner of his getting there, it was nobody's business; "he got there all the same, and saw the whole caboodle." We have pacified him now; the storm has all blown over. We insert this in our local columns as it concerns only some local *esprits*.

—The reorganizing of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for the year '91-'92 took place in the Society room, Wednesday, Sept. 16. The meeting was called to order by Rev. President Morrissey. He expressed his pleasure at being able to once again greet so many of the old St. Cecilians, and congratulated them on the good health and spirits in which they returned to *Alma Mater*. In his opinion, there was no doubt but that the Society would easily attain the high standing which it had enjoyed in former years, and that the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for the coming scholastic year would once again justly merit the distinction of being the leading Society of the University.

After appointing a temporary Secretary for the evening, the election of officers took place, resulting as follows: Very Rev. Edward Sorin, and Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. J. F. Edwards, Honorary President; Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., President; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. M. F. Egan, Literary Critic; Prof. F. G. Liscombe, Musical Director; Frank L. Carney, 1st Vice-President; Joseph A. Delany, 2d Vice-President; Charles S. Fleming, Treasurer; Daniel V. Casey, Recording Secretary; Elmer A. Scherrer, Corresponding Secretary; John J. Dempsey, Historian; Arthur M. Funke, 1st Censor; Meade A. Prichard, 2d Censor. The elections for the minor offices were very exciting, each of the offices being hotly contested by a number of candidates.

The inaugural addresses at the next meeting promise a rare treat. The Society will be ready at its next meeting to receive proposals for membership. After a few remarks from the different members the Society adjourned.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brady, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Joslyn, Lancaster, H. Murphy, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rother, Sanford, Schaack, O. Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Ansberry, Breen, Burns, Brennan, Baldwin, J. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Baker, Brookfield, Bolton, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Crampton, J. Cummings, W. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, Caffery, Crilly, C. Delany, Doheny, C. A. Delany, Dinkel, Denman, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, P. Fleming, R. Fleming, Flynn, Funke, Flannery, Foley, Gillon, Heneghan, Harpole, Holland, Healy, Hesse, Hawthorne, Jacobs, Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, Keough, Kennedy, E. Kelly, M. Kelly, Karsynski, Lancaster, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, C. Murphy, Moxley, McClure, Maloney, Morrison, D. Murphy, McVean, McGonigle, E. Mitchell, Magnus, McErlain, McDonnell, Nockels, O'Farrell, Ocenasek, O'Donnell, Olde, Palmer, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, W. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Robinson, Rudd, Sherman, Scallen, Schillo, Stanton, Sharp, Thompson, Thayne, Tillingburg, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Walker, Whitehead, Woodard, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler, I. Mitchell.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, E. Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, Brown, Bachrach, Casey, Covert, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Carney, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, C. S. Fleming, C. F. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Girardin, Hill, Hagan, Harrington, Hoffkamp, Hilger, Hoban, Hamilton, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Janssen, Johnston, Kaufman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kindler, Kraber, Kinneavy, Kerker, LaMoure, Levi, Lee, G. Lowry, Luther, Leonard, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Myers, J. McKee, A. McKee, Marre, McDowell, Marr, Mill, McPhee, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, Nye, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Neill, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Rupel, Rumley, Ratterman, Rogers, Renesh, Rend, W. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Shaffer, Stern, Strouss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Sheuerman, Smith, Spenger, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thick, Thomas, Teeter, Thome, Walker, White, Weaver, Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Washburne, Yingst, Yaeger, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, A'Hearn, Brown, Ball, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Burns, Blumenthal, Cornell, Cross, Crandall, Corry, Curry, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Coulter, F. Crepeau, Chapoton, O. Crepeau, Croke, Christ, Curtin, H. Durand, B. Durand, Elliot, Everest, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, E. Francis, C. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, J. Freeman, Finnerty, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Healy, Hilger, Howard, Hathaway, Higginson, Jones, King, Krollman, Kinney, Keeler, Kern, Kuehl, T. Lowry, E. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Lonergan, Loomis, Langley, Lounsbury, Loughran, McPhee, McIntyre, McCarthy, McGinley, Maternes, Morrison, McAllister, Nichols, O'Neill, Platts, Pieser, Pursell, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Steele, Stuckart, Swan, Trankle, F. Trankle, Tussner, Thomas, Trujillo, White, Wolf, Weber, Wilcox.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Warm thanks are tendered Miss Geneviève Walton for a copy of Carlo Dolce's beautiful "Angel of the Annunciation."

—Rev. Father Cushnahan, of Ogden, Utah, spent a few days last week at St. Mary's, much to the delight of his many friends.

—After the reading of the averages, at the "points" of September 13, Miss Mary Robinson read a paper suitable to the occasion, in which were embodied greetings to the Rev. Chaplain and teachers, and expressions of regret at Very Rev. Father General's absence. The pupils were well represented in the reader, who lent the charm of modesty and grace to her words.

—The first academic meeting for the scholastic year was held on Sunday evening, presided by Rev. Father Scherer, who addressed a few words of practical counsel to the young ladies, exhorting them to improve their opportunities in these golden days of their youth. As a special means to attain the end for which they left home, he placed persevering industry next to prayer and confidence in the assistance of God, and of her who is styled "Seat of Wisdom."

—On Sunday last, Rev. Father Hudson was the celebrant of the High Mass, at which he delivered a sermon on the Feast of the day, namely, that of the Holy Name of Mary, dwelling particularly on the place which the Mother of God held in the great mysteries of the Incarnation and Death of her Divine Son. His words were replete with interest, and must prove an incentive to renewed efforts in striving to imitate the virtues of Mary, the loved Queen and special patroness of St. Mary's pupils.

—An unwonted excitement pervaded the quiet halls of St. Mary's on Friday, Sept. 11, and the word soon went round, "The Colorado delegation has arrived." Were they weary, travel-stained pilgrims? No! but happy, eager young girls, ready to take another trip if it were only half as pleasant as the one they enjoyed from Denver to South Bend, under the kind management of Rev. Father Zahm. Saturday found them at class entering the domains of history, chemistry, mathematics, etc., with, it is true, an occasional backward glance at the pleasures of home, but with a resolute will to push on to the end.

“The Old are Best.”

All the gay, careless world was assembled that night,
For the opera was new, the soprano was fair;
Sweetest perfume of flowers pervaded the air,
And the hall was resplendent with light.

But their gay laughter ceased at the orchestra's sound.
As the prelude swelled forth o'er the listening throng;
Then the singer stepped forth, and the notes of her song
Held the breath of the roses spell-bound.

In response to the plaudits again did she come,
And this time no grand aria greeted their ear,
But a song to American hearts ever dear:
The old ballad of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Slowly ceased the applause as if loath to depart;
The curtain was lowered, the sweet singer gone;
But memories remained bright as day in its dawn,
For that old song had touched every heart.

When we find ourselves lost in the maze of the past,
As we musingly wander through memory's halls,
O'er the joys which a fond retrospection recalls
Is a glamor of rose-color cast.

For life's pleasures, when viewed through the lenses of
years,
Far surpass in their magnitude present delights;
We are prone to forget petty troubles and slights,
And life's sunshine dispelleth her tears.

Yes, the old songs are best, the past memories most dear,
Like rare wines which grow choicer and better with
time;
From an old violin swell the strains most sublime
Which at will draw the smile or the tear.

Ah! true is the saying that old friends are best;
They are like the staunch evergreen, hardy and brave,
Which, though winter's fierce storm winds tempestuous rave,
Still undaunted doth rear its green crest.

When our souls in Adversity's winter were lost,
The true hearts were by generous sympathy moved;
But our summer friends only frail blossoms then
proved,
For they fled at the first touch of frost.

In search of new climes doth the wanderer roam
Some Utopian land where true happiness reigns;
But, though fair be his isle, still a yearning remains,
For the old scenes and faces at home.

And when heart sick and weary he longs for its rest,
Ah! how gladly he sails from that far-distant shore;
Its allurements have failed to entice as of yore,
For he finds that the old home is best.

KATHERINE M. MORSE (Class '92).

Fruit Blossoms.

Who has not felt the sweet thrill of joy that comes to the heart when from the grave of winter there comes forth the softly radiant spring? Advancing from the courts of the woodland, she stops to hear the water's prelude to summer's song, and calls the flowers which at her command spring up blushing in beauty at the fairy work done by Nature's hand. Bathed in golden sunlight, the hillsides are dotted with blooming orchards bending under the weight of their promise-laden blossoms. It would seem —so enchanting the picture—as though the pink and pearly clouds of sunrise had lost their

way from heaven and strayed to earth, and in their wanderings had become entangled in the leafy branches of the trees. What wonder that the birds choose the orchards for their home, there to sing their sweetest carols!

The fragrance of the flowers is borne on the breeze which whispers to the busy bees of bountiful cups of rich honey hidden within the snowy chalices, and they too come to swell the chorus of the little minstrels. Here and there among the flowers bright butterflies flutter in their newly donned vestures of color, like sparks of red and gold just caught from the sunset's rays.

Entrancing as is this scene painted by that wondrous artist, Nature, sweet as are the sounds that come from this field of flowers and fragrance, the background has its dark shades. The passing breezes shake the laden branches, and a shower of white petals falls gently to the ground, as if the winter king had suddenly opened his mantle and a cloud of snowflakes had drifted to earth. What a lesson of change does not the tiny petal whisper as it wings its downward way! But no rude breeze may rustle the sea-shell petals; then, why dwell upon so sad a picture? True, and yet other thoughts arise that create new fears. Deep down in the calyx of the bud there may nestle a destroying worm slowly eating the very heart of the flower with its promise of fruit. The cold breath of the north may fall upon all this beauty some quiet night, dawn breaking upon a scene of desolation over which the carolling of the birds will be as a requiem. Disease may cast a blight upon these fairy blossoms which give promise of so much, and the harvest after all may be "nothing but leaves."

In one deserted corner of the orchard stands a gnarled old tree which for many years has yielded its wealth of fruit; but now its branches are withered and brown, except one on which are clustered a few bright blossoms, showing how far the "Gulf Stream" of youth may flow; and near it a young tree sends its myriad branches heavenward, its life teeming boughs swayed by the warm south breeze mingle with the dying fruit buds of the blighted tree, and lo! the strong flowers yield to the contagion and fall to earth, the promises of springtide never to be fulfilled. Ah! who can fail to see herein a picture of life's blossom-tide, in which the sleeping buds, the promises of after years, lie folded and silent until, awakened by the soft breath of tender care, or the rough winds of neglect and want, time bids the fruits of education to ripen and give their worth to the world. How often do we not find youth,

like the pictured orchard, beautiful in its blossoms! The white robe of innocence, just faintly tinged by the rosy tints of hope, envelops the young form. Then it is that the loving parent and faithful teacher watch with solicitude the growth of soul and body. Every means is employed to foster that which promises good fruit, and to prune the tendencies that threaten the perfect grace or usefulness of the human plant entrusted to their care. Notwithstanding all the attention lavished upon them, there are still dangers which threaten; for the dark clouds of doubt and scepticism, the power of evil associates, or the light of false literature or science that flash across life's horizon may blight these gently tended hopes, and destroy forever the fruit of after-life. Such possibilities are fraught with sadness; why then dwell upon them? Let us rather drink in the sunshine of life, and, 'neath the genial rays of hope and love, look forward to a harvest rich in fruits, worthy the Divine Gardener! Let us, too, seek His protection; for vain are earth's efforts unless the soil of our heart is blessed by Him who "giveth the increase." Then may we hope that when the Harvest Day draws near we may not stand with empty hands; but, with the golden sheaves and the fruition of deeds well done, we may lay our offering at the foot of God's white throne!

HELEN C. MORSE (*Class '91*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, R. Butler, Brady, Bell, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, Crilly, Call, Charles, Carico, G. Cowan, A. Cooper, D. Davis, Dieffenbacher, Duffy, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Lucy Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Griffith, Groves, Gilmore, Haitz, Hellman, Holmes, Higgans, Hopkins, Hittson, Jewell, Klingberg, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Keating, L. Kasper, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Leppel, Lichtenhein, La Moure, M. Moynahan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, McDowell, M. McDonald, Nichol, Nacy, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Plato, Pengemann, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Robbins, E. Seeley, A. Smith, Stewart, A. Seeley, Sena, Schmidt, Van Liew, Van Mourick, Wile, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Whitmore, Welter, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Boyle, Berthelet, Baxter, A. Cowan, Coady, M. Cooper, Culp, Crandall, M. Davis, B. Davis, Doble, L. Dreyer, M. Dennison, A. E. Dennison, Ebert, Ford, A. Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, C. Kasper, Kingsley, B. Londoner, Meskill, Mills, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Tilden, Tormey, Wheeler, Woolverton, White, Williamis

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Ahern, K. Buckley, J. Dysart, N. Finnerty, H. Girsch, M. McCormick, A. McCarthy, M. Wormer, L. McKenna.